

The HUMOURS of RAG-FAIR:

Or, The Countryman's Description of their Trades and Callings.



LAST week in Lent I came to town,
And having a leisure hour,
I went to see his majesty's crown
And the lions, in the Tower.
But losing my way, I chanced to stray
Thro' a lane full of second-hand tailors.
Till stop't with surprise, at the noise of the cries
Of a hundred different dealers.
Do you want a vest, or coat, young man,
To dress in this good Easter?
Here are breeches, fellow them if you can,
You shall have them for a taster.
Here's a plaid banjan, for a barber's man,
And fustian frocks for bakers;
Here are cheap lac'd cloaths for Spital-fields beaux,
And black for undertakers.
Here are rusted shirts and cambrick frocks,
For young men to be clean in;
With nice tucker'd holland smocks,
And choice of child-bed linen.
Likewise clean sheeting, for folks to lie swag in;
Girls a nice dimmoty dicket;
A fine pair of sleeves you may wash when you please,
And tack them to a foul smicket.

Here are stockings for young women too,
Neer darn'd above the quarters,
With clocks of white, of red, and blue,
All flourished to the garter.
Knit hose for men, or boy's from ten,
With silk for those who strut it;
You may have them whole, with their own soal,
Or neatly darn'd and footed.
Come customers; who buys my shoes
Or pumps, scarce worse for wearing?
I had them a bargain from the Meuse,
Of a woman who goes a chairing.
Five groats a pair; search all the fair
And see if you can match them:
The shops are so nice, they'll have a good price
Altho' they clout and patch them.
Here's choice of perriwigs; who'll buy?
I'll sell 'em cheap as any;
Your welcome, sir, to come and try;
Beside I shave for a penny.
Do you flaxen lack, or a good coal black,
With a buckle as strong as wire?
These left off greys I can surely praise,
And warrant them to the buyer.

Who buys my felt or caroline?
There's none shall sell you cheaper,
For Sundays, here's a beaver fine,
Bought of a broken draper;
You may have them large at a small charge,
For quaker or for curate;
Lac'd hats for those who are quarter-deck
Ne'er turn'd but once, I assure it. [beaus,
All smoaking hot, a groat a pound,
My plain and sweet and plumb pudding;
The flour was the best in market found,
And all the ingredients good in.
I make it neat, and give good weight,
My pound is sixteen ounces;
But (by the bye) she tells you a lye,
For all her cracks and bounces.
Here are pancakes in good dripping fry'd,
I sell them four a penny;
They are crisp and brown, as has been try'd
To-day by a good many.
My sausages and black-puddings please,
I speak without a vapour;
For a penny a-piece, (you may have what is
I'm sure you can't dine cheaper. [nice,
Here's household bread for families large,
And stale bread from the city;
Come buy, all you who have a charge,
Of me who won't out-wit you.
To him who buys, I warrant the assize
As my Lord Mayor would have it;
I hate words many, I bate you a penny,
You are welcome to take or leave it.
Here's bacon as sweet as any nut,
Or, neighbours, never trust me;
Altho' they know it was yesterday but
They bought it themselves for rusty.
See this how fat, how streaky that,
They cheat you while they are vending;
And surely cheat you an ounce in the weight,
Yet swear they give you a mending.
Here are joints of mutton from Leaden-hall,
And beef from Honey-lane market;
I always keep what is prime at stall,
Thus the cunning butchers clark it:
My stall fed meat a prince might eat,
Tho' I lose in each pound a farthing;
But pray take care his shillards are fair,
Or you are surely bit in the bargain.

Sold by S. GAMIDGE, in High-street, Worcester; W. LLOYD, in Mortimer-Cleobury; and S. HARWARD, in Tewkesbury.

Here's measy pork and vile slunk veal,
In trays at gully holes selling;
I had rather been at home, by nalf,
At dinner in my own dwelling.
To sell such meat for folks to eat,
Is enough to breed an infection,
If such men were down in our good town,
They'd be sent to the house of correction.

Here are wonderful purging pills
Which doctor Rock rehearves,
Which all the dreadful poison kills
Suck'd in by foul embraces.
Such plaisters for corns, & powders for worms,
Were ne'er before set on trial:
Good people, w^hapize the sight of your eyes,
Come purchase my little phial.

In watchouse cage I next did view
A strolling blak cy'd Susan,
Who only took a guinea or two
From a sailor who had to lose them;
The impudent whore, the justice before,
Said in her examination,
The money in full she reciv'd from the cull,
To please his inclination

Pick pockets too mixed in the throng,
For hard by live their nurfes;
Good people, when you pass along,
I pray beware of your purses
And handkerchiefs; for these young thieves
Ne'er hope for absolution;
But proceed in sin, till turn'd off with a grin
At a Tyburn execution.

Then here and there you'll find a stall
Set up by young beginners;
The houses too are rented all
By publicans and sinners.
Walk in, sir, here's the alderman's beer,
And a Newcastle fire;
I'll make you a pot of the best gin hot
That a young man can desire.

Some were smoaking, some at cards,
And some with chaps were dealing;
Some were civil and some blackguards;
All people have their failing.
I paid off my score, and went out of doors
Maintaining this opinion,
That no prince or state, except Britain the
Have such a fair in their dominion. [Great,